

The Mission, Grapes Of Wrath

The sweat upon his brow and the dirt worked into his hands
The dignity of labour upon a man's own land
The soil of his fathers passes on down through blood to hand
A man's right of birth to reap the harvest from his land

The breaking of his back to keep his dream alive
To work the change of season his instinct to survive
The planting of his seed and to see his harvest grow
Gives a pride to a man to reap the harvest that he sows

The land of the free, home of the brave
The heartland of pioneers, the heritage of flesh and blood
And along come the winds that blow through the land
With a price to pay for the working man
Money talks and changes hands
And money reaps the harvest money demands
The grapes of wrath

They can take away his freedom they can beat him into the dust
They can burn his home, run him from his land, and leave him out to gather rust
But they can't take away his faith and his honesty and pride
And the knowledge that he holds inside
One day they'll reap the harvest
The grapes of wrath

There's hope in a man that nothing can destroy
A man will endure anything for the dream that he holds dear
And there's pride in a man who knows the truth
His faith in the earth he toils for
His honesty for the air he breathes
The truth of the harvest they will reap
The grapes of wrath